

rest your head for just five minutes (everything is good)

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by [mybabylove](#)

Summary

“To be fair, you always get very sick when you get the flu. If it weren’t for your weak immune system, I didn’t have to worry as much.” Dream chuckles as he’s putting on his shoes and grabbing his backpack. George simply responds with a roll of his eyes and turns his back to dream, tucking his blankets close to himself and closes his eyes again.

“Yeah yeah, don’t you forget to think about me, in our room, all alone and dying, while you’re sitting in class then.”

Or; Dream and George are roomies in college. George comes down with the flu, and feels completely miserable, but luckily Dream is there to help him through it.

Notes

I've truly fallen in love with the Dream team, and my way of coping with things is by writing fics about the feelies I'm having. A classic college au sick fic is precisely what I

need lmao.

I'm uploading this in 2 parts even though I hate doing that (cause I don't trust myself to finish it oop), but I've been writing this for quite a while and I just want to get it out already. There's not really a storyline so I feel like I can afford uploading it in 2 parts, it's just a nice, comforting fic!

The relationship between Dream and George isn't necessarily shippy, though I think maybe it toes the line a little bit? I just really love platonic intimacy between friends, I'm not 100% sure where this is going to take me though.

But anyways! I hope you enjoy reading, and I hope it brings you some comfort and warmth!! Please let me know any comments, mistakes, etc! <33

Chapter 1

George woke up slowly, groggily blinking against the harsh sunlight shining straight into his eyes. He quickly squint them shut, groaning in annoyance as he turned his face down and buried it deeper beneath blanket, hiding from the morning sunrays disturbing his sleep. Though as much as he would've loved to ignore everything and fall back into a deep slumber, all at once he was hit by just how completely miserable he was feeling.

His throat was dry and sore, even his near silent groan had left a trail of hurt in its wake. His eyelids and seemingly every single bone in his body felt like lead, weighing him down and making him feel extremely weary. His muscles ached and there was a dull headache throbbing in the back of his head.

On top of that he noticed that was vigorously trembling, though if anything his body felt like it was burning up, sweating buckets beneath his t-shirt and the thick blanket covering him. Which was a bit strange in and of itself, considering it was nearing the end of October. He remembers the room feeling freezing cold just last night before he went to bed, so when the fuck did it get so bloody hot in here?

Heaving in a shaky breath through his sore throat, George kicks off the blankets in hopes to cool off somewhat. Though he quickly regrets the action, watches as his vision spins when he opens his eyes again. The sudden dizziness catches him off guard, makes a nauseating feeling crawl though his stomach and he feels like he just might spill his guts out right then and there. Though he tries to take a few calming breaths, tells himself that surely he's not going to vomit, he's fine, just keep breathing, it's fine, you're fine-

Oh *fuck*, he really isn't fine.

George immediately jumps out of his bed when the realization that he is in fact about to vomit, hits him. The sheets tangled around his ankles nearly make him crash to the ground as he rushes past Dream's bed to the bathroom. He holds a hand firmly against his mouth and prays to every god out there that he can make it to the toilet in time, doesn't want to clean up a mess on the floor this early in the morning when he's barely even awake. Though he doesn't know quite the exact time it is, the fact that Dream was still asleep, and the sun was still low enough to reach his bed, gave him a good estimate.

Luckily he reaches the bathroom soon enough, with only about a second to spare before his empty stomach is contracting harshly and he's retching into the bowl as he falls onto his knees. The only thing spilling out of him is bile, it hurts his already sore throat and makes his eyes well up with tears as a weak whimper leaves him. His barely awake brain is having trouble catching up with what the fuck is happening. One minute he was in bed, the next he's on his knees vomiting his guts out, shivering and shaking as his body seems to protest against even simply existing right now.

George manages to take a few shaky breaths before he gags around nothing again, feels like absolute shit as the tears spill over and wet his cheek. One of his hands comes around his stomach, trying to soothe the agonizing contractions of his stomach, while his other arm rests on the toilet seat. He burrows his head in the crook of his elbow, sniffs through his nose as he tries to keep from crying at just how utterly pathetic and ill he felt. His entire body just felt so weak and beaten down, heavily trembling from both throwing up and the shivers wracking his body.

He's dizzy, his head hurts, his stomach hurts, his throat hurts, he doesn't know left from right at this point, he feels like crumbling down onto the bathroom floor and just downright *sobbing*, until-
"George?"

A deep, sleep-filled voice at the doorway breaks him away from his little pity party. There's obvious worry audible in Dream's tone, and George tries to reassure him that he's fine, feels guilty at having woken up his roommate and best friend over nothing, but the feverish haze that's clouding his mind right now makes it difficult to do anything. He swallows the excessive saliva in his mouth so that he can answer Dream, but the action makes fire well up in his throat, and it throbs painfully in protest. The only thing leaving his mouth is a sad little whimper.

"Oh god- George, are you alright?"

There's a large hand on his upper back suddenly, rubbing slow, soothing little circles and *god, that feels nice*. A soft sigh slips past his lips and he feels some of the tension leave his body at the calming motion. The touch grounds him, reminds him that he's not alone to deal with his pain.

"Are you sick?" Dream asks in a low, gentle voice, as he continues the movements of his hand. George tries to process the question, tries to think about it for a second but his brain feels too mushy to do much of anything right now. So he settles for a weak shrug, blinks through the tears as he opens his eyes to look at the man next to him, before burying his face in his arm again and grinding his teeth together when another wave of nausea hits him.

He honestly doesn't know what had happened, just yesterday evening he was feeling perfectly fine. He didn't eat anything bad, wasn't hungover or anything, there was no reason for him to feel this way right now.

Maybe, if he thinks about it, he had been feeling quite exhausted and light headed throughout the evening, which had been one of the reasons he went to bed early in the first place. But he had put the reasoning for it down to him staying up late to work on his essay, drinking too much coffee and not getting enough sleep. Turns out that that might've been the start symptoms of a fever working its way through him.

A few moments pass as George simply sits there on his knees, drawing in slow breaths to calm his queasy stomach. Dream was still right beside him, gently soothing him with soft whispers and the same, grounding motions of his hand. "You're alright, George.. You're okay."

And god, does George so genuinely appreciate the comfort in this moment. He absolutely detests the feeling of throwing up, always has. Hates the way his stomach contracts, and the way everything just forces its way past his throat, the very little control he has over it. But whatever Dream's doing seems to be working, and both his mind and his stomach are feeling a lot better than they were.

He seems to be done with throwing his guts out, for now at least. Though he's still shivering quite a bit, and it's a lot more noticeable now that his stomach is starting to settle. The combination of his sweat-soaked t-shirt sticking to him uncomfortably, and the cold, hard tiles beneath his bare knees make him feel chilled down to the bone. It's a big contrast from the way he was burning up earlier, makes his head spin with the sudden whiplash of temperature changes.

He knows a shower would help, and even though the idea of a warm spray covering him sounds heavenly, he's so fucking exhausted that even the mere thought of having to stand up for so long is already too much. The only thing he wants at the moment is to crawl back into his bed, and he plans to do exactly that as he slowly sits up a little straighter, grabs some toilet paper to wipe his

mouth and flushes. He also rubs at his tear-stained cheeks to dry them, sniffs his nose and looks at the floor in embarrassment at his friend having to see him in such a weak position.

“I think-“ George starts now that he feels a bit less disoriented, clears his throat when he notices how wrecked his voice sounds before continuing. “Think I might have the flu, or something.. I feel like shit.” He chuckles weakly when he sees the soft, compassionate look Dream is giving him, sniffs again and rubs his nose before making a move to get himself up off the floor. But the everything spins and black spots appear in his vision, his legs feel like they’re about to give out just as Dream comes to his side to support him, one hand firmly on his arm and the other on his lower back.

“-Hey! Don’t rush getting up, idiot. You’re gonna fall.”

George takes a second to recover, squints his eyes shut as he bites through the sudden sharp pain firing through his brain, and takes a deep breath in to push down the nausea trying to rise up again. *Deep breaths George, you’re fine, you can do this.*

He feels a tiny hint of a smile tug at his lips, can’t ignore making a fun little comment when he spots the opportunity. He looks at Dream once he feels like he isn’t dying on the spot anymore, a cheeky glint in his eyes.

“Well... I’ve got you to catch me, don’t I, Dream?”

His joke probably loses a bit of its lightheartedness through the roughness in his voice, but Dream still laughs heartily, however, so George counts it as a win.

“You are so stupid... How can you say something like that when you just spent your morning throwing your guts up, and then nearly crashing to the floor!” Dream laughs, wants to whack his friend over the back of his head but refrains from doing so, knowing how poorly George is actually feeling. It might be all fun and games, but he’s really concerned over his friend, doesn’t like seeing him in such pain.

George starts slowly shuffling back to their shared bedroom, Dream right behind him to guide him and stabilize him if he were to stumble. He doesn’t make any sudden or big movements, worried in case he’ll have to vomit again. Though the nausea hasn’t left him completely, it’s not as pressing or disturbing as it was before, so he thinks he’ll manage.

His headache has only gotten worse though, by the time he’s arrived at his bed, pushing himself up on it before he crawls underneath the blanket. He squints his eyes shut at the dull, painful throbbing of his head, that only seems to be getting louder and louder with every minute that passes. It feels so all-encompassing, almost like there’s a big wall of an angry red haze clouding his mind and tearing him apart from the inside out. He genuinely hasn’t felt this bad in a long time, he hates it hates it *hates it*. He feels so frustrated and upset, feels the corners of his eyes prickle with unshed, pained and angry tears that he does his best to push back. It all feels like it’s too much to handle for him right now. He just wants the pain to go away.

Before he knows it, there’s something soft and cold pressed against his forehead, and it helps soothe his headache tremendously. He can’t stop the soft grunt spilling past his lips at the relieving feeling. When he slowly blinks his eyes open again, he sees that it’s Dream’s hand.

“Oh you are definitely running a fever, George. I’ll go get you some water and painkillers, alright? Don’t move.”

As much as he wants to make a snarky comment about barely being able to move in the first place,

all George manages is a tiny nod. He immediately misses the coolness of Dream's palm against his heated forehead when it leaves him, feels a needy little noise build up in his throat that he quickly pushes down. It's nice to have someone to take care of him like this, he'll admit it. Not having to worry about getting your own water, or painkillers. Someone to rub your back while you're puking your guts out. It's very nice.

He's reminded by how grateful he is for his friends, how appreciative he is to have them in his life. Sappnap and Dream are always there for him, always there to help him, and support him, no matter what. They know how to make him feel better, know exactly how to take care of him when he feels like shit.

Dream enters the room again, a cold bottle of water and a painkiller in his hand. He hands the pill to George, who pops it into his mouth as Dream unscrews the water bottle.

"You're gonna have to sit up a bit, Georgie."

George acknowledges him with a soft grunt as he pushes himself up slowly. Dream's by his side, one hand holding the bottle near him, the other gently cupping his arm, steadying him as he starts bringing the bottle to George's lips.

"Careful."

"I'm not 5..." George manages to whisper with an annoyed little huff, with the pill still in his mouth. He cups his own hand over Dream's, the one that's holding the bottle, to help guide it to his lips, and starts greedily gulping from the drink when he gets his mouth wrapped around the opening. The cold water feels incredibly soothing on his heated throat, though it makes chills erupt over his body, and goosebumps appear on his skin.

When he's had enough, he leans back and crawls underneath his blanket once more, until it's covering him all the way up till his chin. The room now feels just as cold as it did last night, maybe even colder. He tries to hug the corners of the blanket against himself to keep in as much of the warmth as possible, as his body shakes heavily to help warm him up.

And that just might be the worst thing about fevers, or George thinks so, at least. The constant fight between being too hot, and then too cold. Either sweating because you're overheated, or shivering cause you're freezing cold- or both at the same time! It's agonizing, it's exhausting, and all he wants to do is sleep and hopefully feel better once he wakes up.

He starts closing his eyes, prepares for a nice, long and hopefully somewhat peaceful nap. He wonders for a second if Dream's going back to bed as well, but that reminds him... "Didn't you have a class this morning?"

"I'm not going."

George's eyes snap open, and he starts pushing up on his elbows to stare at Dream incredulously.

"What? Why not? Did you miss it?" Oh god, did Dream have to miss it because he was busy looking after George? He remembers Dream specifically going to bed early for this class, it's probably of some importance.. He'd hate to be the reason for Dream to miss his classes.

"No, no. It's in like, I don't know.." Dream pauses as he takes his phone from his bed to look at the time. "30ish minutes. I'm not going though. You're sick, dummy."

"Dream, *what*? What does that have to do with anything? Go, get ready!"

“Who’s going to look after you then? It’s one class, I can afford to miss it. I’m not going to leave you by yourself, George, you’re sick!”

“Dream that is *actually* ridiculous. I don’t need you to look after me, I’m not a toddler! Look, I’m probably just going to be sleeping the whole day anyways! You’ll be gone for what, only 2 hours–

“3 hours. It’s a 3 hour class.”

“–Even so! 3 hours is nothing, *please* just go. I don’t want you to miss class because of me, you idiot. I’m fine, I’ll be asleep!”

“George–

“*Dream*. I’ll be seriously angry with you.”

Dream finally shuts his mouth, sighs in frustration at his stubborn roommate, and contemplates the idea of still making it to class as he looks at the time again. *This is ridiculous, he can’t leave George alone for 3 whole fucking hours when he’s feeling so miserable. What if he needs something? What if his fever gets worse? What if his pain gets worse? What if he’s hungry, he hasn’t even eaten anything yet!*

“Dream, please. I’ll be fine, I promise. I’m just going to take a nap, I will probably even be still asleep when you get back. Don’t worry about it.”

After a quiet second longer, Dream finally gives in with a long groan and a roll of his eyes and starts grabbing his stuff, and putting on clothes to get ready. “Fine. But you don’t leave your bed unless you really need something, and if you start feeling any worse you *call me*. Deal?”

“You’re joking–

“*George.*”

“Alright, alright, *mother*. God, I forgot how doting you become when someone gets ill. It’s even worse now that I’m actually living with you.” George snorts, immediately regrets it as pain flares up in his throat and his brain again. He feels the dizziness return with vengeance at having sat up and talked too much, so he starts slowly lying back down. He’s already so much looking forward to just sleeping, not having to talk or do anything, and being blissfully unaware of the pain his body is in.

“To be fair, you always get *very* sick when you get the flu. If it weren’t for your weak immune system, I didn’t have to worry as much.” Dream chuckles as he’s putting on his shoes and grabbing his backpack. George simply responds with a roll of his eyes and turns his back to dream, tucking his blankets close to himself and closes his eyes again.

“Yeah yeah, don’t you forget to think about me, in our room, all alone and *dying*, while you’re sitting in class then.”

Dream’s quiet for a solid moment, and George worries he might’ve taken the joke too far. But then he feels a large hand gently combing through the locks of his hair, and his eyes flicker open as his heart skips a beat at the sudden warm, intimate touch. If his cheeks weren’t already flushed because of his fever, he knows his face would be burning up right now.

“You focus on not dying then, dumbass.” Dream says softly, leans down to place a quick kiss on top of George’s head. Which leaves him just absolutely gobsmacked. Dream’s out the door before his brain can catch up to what the fuck just happened, and he’s left sitting there in silence as his

heart races through his chest, and the sound of the outside door closing echoes through their apartment.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

It's a tiny bit rushed bc my sleep deprived brain can't make sense of what's what anymore and I've tried reading through this several times but I think my brain's kind of over it. I've added another chapter cause it just kept becoming longer and longer, but I'll be updating it soon hopefully! :)

I hope you enjoy reading! You're always welcome to let me know any comments, mistakes, constructive criticism, etc <3

Dream's on his way back from his three hour class, setting a fast pace homewards. Realistically, he knows that George is fine and is probably fast asleep in his bed at the moment, but he couldn't help feeling a bit guilty at leaving him by himself for so long. He could barely walk on his own, had looked so fragile and miserable this morning in the bathroom, how was he going to be able to do anything without Dream there to help?

Though it's probably a good thing that George had forced him to go to class in the end, he might have lied a little when he said that he could afford skipping it. As glad as he is that he went, he's even more glad to be on his way home.

Throughout the class he had been checking his phone every few minutes, in case his friend tried reaching out to him. He had even sent him a message towards the last hour, asking him how he was doing, and that he'd be back soon. George hadn't replied however, so Dream guesses that he's probably sleeping then. Which was a good thing to be fair, it meant that he had to spend less time being miserable on his own, and more time resting and healing.

While on his way home, he decides to stop by the small supermarket nearby, and the pharmacy that's a bit further out. George hadn't eaten anything before he left, and knowing him he probably *still* hadn't, even though it was nearing midday. He's been friends with George for long enough to know just how sick he gets when he catches the flu, and how little he takes care of himself and his body when he's run down with a fever. And although he himself doesn't get sick very often, he remembers the horrible feeling of a fever working its way through your body well enough to empathize with him.

It's kind of become a running joke between him, George and Sapnap even, the amount of times George would come on discord and the first thing you'd hear was a rough, low-voiced and stuffed little "I'm dying.". It was usually followed by bursts of laughs of Sapnap and him, but it was hard to not feel bad for their friend. George might be the eldest of the three, but they always felt strongly protective over him. Especially during times like this, where he's in pain and drained with exhaustion, and becomes a lot more quiet than his usual bubbly self.

That's why he's happy that George and him are roommates now, it makes it a lot easier to physically take care of him. Make sure he eats throughout the day, drinks enough water, takes some medication when he needs to.

And so he finds himself outside of their shared apartment, with a bag of food and cough drops for George in one hand, and his keys to unlock the door in his other. He tries to be quiet when he lets

himself in, takes off his shoes and jacket at the door and slowly makes his way through the living room and to the kitchen on socked feet, as to not wake George.

While he's asleep, Dream can get started on making the chicken soup that his mother had taught him how to make. He knows George will be very grateful when he wakes up and is presented with a hot bowl of delicious soup, it'll do him good to get some food in his empty stomach.

He takes the ingredients he had just bought and lays them out on the kitchen counter, fills a pot with water before putting it on the stove, and then starts chopping up the onions. He puts the chicken in, as well as onions and about a spoonful of garlic powder, and places the lid on top. While that takes its time to boil, he decides to take this opportunity to quickly check up on George.

There's a soft smile on his face as he walks to their shared room, a pure simmer of happiness and warmth in his chest at being able to do these things for George. Call him a sap, call him a simp, Dream just doesn't think there's anything that brings him more joy than being able to provide for his close friends. It's just such a heart-warming feeling to take care of those he holds dear, see a genuine smile on their faces and make them feel happy and cared for. He truly cherishes moments like these, where he knows he's able to make someone's life even the tiniest bit easier by helping out in any way that he can.

When he's arrived at their room, he lifts his fist and gently knocks on the door. There's no reply, which he more or less expected, so he opens the door slowly and pops his head in to see how his friend is doing.

Almost immediately, the warm smile gets wiped off his face. He doesn't even see George properly at first, nothing but a tuft of hair peeking out from underneath the blankets, but he hears quiet little sobs that alarm him, sees the heavy shaking of George's figure from where he has his back turned to Dream. Between the sobs hears him suck in rough, stuttering breaths.

Dream's completely frozen on the spot, in shock from how different of a scene he'd walked in on than the one he imagined. He'd expected George to be peacefully snoring away, but instead comes home to find him awake, crying his eyes out and seemingly in a lot of pain. A tiny, agonized whimper followed by a louder sob breaks him from his trance, makes him rush to stand by his friend's side immediately.

"George- Hey."

George's head whips around, eyes wide open and seemingly taken off guard when he sees Dream standing there. His eyes are red and puffy, his whole *face* is red and puffy, his pillow is wet with tears, there are dark circles underneath his eyes and he just looks completely and utterly exhausted. Dream feels his heart squeeze painfully at the sight, feels worry and guilt bubble up in his chest.

"Dream?" George's voice came out weak and raspy, his unfocused eyes searching and feverish brain trying to make sense of why Dream was here, when he even got back and how he didn't hear him come in at all.

"Yeah, I'm here. I'm here George." Dream can tell his own voice is frantic, tries to keep his cool as best he can, but he absolutely hates seeing his friend like this.

George starts slowly pushing himself up into a sitting position, squeezing his eyes shut and bringing his hand to his head as he bites through the oncoming throbbing pain. His breath is still shaky and irregular, and silent tears keep making their way down his cheeks.

He feels so delirious and distracted in this moment, that he doesn't immediately register the cold

hands placed on his heated face, and his head being tilted towards Dream, who has taken a seat next to him on the bed. Dream's thumbs brush away each new tear threatening to fall, one hand moving to press against George's forehead. His hands are still cold from being out in the chilly October air, and George finds himself unconsciously leaning into it the soothing coolness of it. If Dream notices, he doesn't say anything.

"Did you sleep at all? What happened?"

George takes a moment to register what Dream was asking, before giving a shaky little shrug in response. He looks down to avoid Dream's intense gaze on him, though as much as he wants to feel embarrassed with the way he must look a proper mess right now, he's just so incredibly glad to have his friend back home. At this point, he couldn't care less about looking stupid, all he so desperately wants right now is to seek out the comfort that Dream can give him.

"I dunno.. I was asleep, for a little bit. But I just.. just woke up feeling so much worse..." His gravelly voice breaks with a sob, and Dream feels his chest tighten incredibly so. "And then.. I couldn't fall asleep again. Everything *hurts*, it's just... It's too much, Dream."

"Georgie.." Dream can't help the soft, pitying look overtaking his face, the painful squeeze of his heart at the sight of his friend being in so much agony. "Come here, you poor thing. You must feel so bad."

Dream moves to wrap his arms around George's shoulders, pulls him in and holds him close. He notices how George's entire body feels like it's burning hot against him, almost like a human furnace at this point, and makes a mental note to check his friend's temperature as soon as possible. For now, he wants to comfort him and calm him, and he seems to be succeeding as he feels George's figure go limp in his arms. He starts rubbing his back in slow, deliberate circles. That had seemed to help earlier this morning.

"You're okay George. I'm here now, yeah? I'll make sure you feel better in no time, don't worry about it. I'm here for you, George. I'm here now."

For a split second, it seems to have the opposite of the desired effect. George seems to stiffen up slightly as his shoulders start shaking again, and Dream can hear him bite back sobs. But then he's pressing his face deeper in the crook of Dream's neck, and Dream can feel him tightly wrapping his arms around his middle. *That's it George, just cry it out.. I've got you.*

George is usually one to act tough when he gets sick, constantly says he's fine when he's not and absolutely hates to just let others take care of him, certainly never want to be coddled. But it seems those walls are coming down a bit today. Dream knows it's probably mostly the fever and the exhaustion making him more receptive of affection and care, knows that he'll probably be back to his 'you don't have to take care of me' type of ways when he starts feeling better again, but he'll take this chance that he's given now to be extra doting.

"s okay George, I've got you. I'm here now. It's okay." He whispers in a soft, gentle voice, the hand that's not on Georges' back coming up to the back of his head and tenderly stroking his fingers through the short hairs as he holds him close. The soothing motions and the gentle whispers seem to quieten George, make him relax in Dream's arms. There's a hitch in his breath every now and then, but he's slowly becoming quieter, and quieter.

They stay in this position for a while longer, and Dream remains silent and soothing until he's completely sure that George has stopped crying, and his breathing has returned to normal. There's a tender, peaceful aura surrounding them, and it's almost as if the entire world has stopped turning except for him and George, and this moment shared between.

Just as Dream wonders if George has fallen asleep on him, he feels his friend pull back and sit up again, watches him as he rubs his face dry of any remaining wetness before pressing the palms of his hands against his eyes and letting out a deep sigh. Dream feels a hint of a smile tug at his lips at the sight. He knows precisely what'll make him feel better.

"If you feel like it, you could take a shower. It can help lower your fever, and I'm sure it'll be nice to feel fresh again. You can put on a change of clothes and I'll change your bedsheets too so that you can go straight back to bed if you want to. Though- Don't force yourself if you're feeling too bad. Don't want to have you passing out in the shower while I'm not there to catch you." Dream chuckles and it makes George huff out a little laugh as well, shaking his head and calling him an idiot. Dream's smile widens with affection for his friend.

"Oh, I'm also making some chicken soup right now, it's on the stove. I'm not letting you sleep before you've eaten at least something. So go shower, get fresh and I'll take care of the rest, yeah?"

George tilts his head up and makes eye contact with Dream, and just really *looks* at him for a moment. His chest is filled with warmth and appreciation in that moment, and there's so much he wants to say to thank Dream for this, for always being there for him and taking care of him when he needs it (and denies it) most.

But he doesn't know how to put it into words, always feels an annoying embarrassment taking over, making his cheek flush and leaving him unable to speak. That's another little something Dream and Sapnap always tease him with, especially cause they're both so carefree in saying these sappy sort of things. George is a bit more reserved in that area. So he gives Dream a shy, but nonetheless appreciative little smile before speaking up.

"You're a God Sent, Dream."

"Heh, that is correct." Dream says with a pleased smugness in his tone, but he can't deny the wide, relieved smile on his face as he pushes himself off the bed. "Alright, I'll go finish the soup then. Call for me if you need anything, and I *mean* it George." He raises his eyebrow at him.

George doesn't bother pretending he's annoyed by his friend's coddling anymore, only huffs out a little laugh and nods at him. "I will."

"Promise?"

"Yes I *promise*. Jesus, Dream."

"Good. Just had to make sure." Dream shoots him a stupid little wink before turning around and leaving the room, on his way back to the kitchen while George slowly rises from the bed.

He stretches out a little now that he feels somewhat better, looks forward to getting himself clean and putting on some fresh clothes, and then having a nice, warm meal. In their months of living together, Dream was most often the one who cooked food for them, as he was, surprisingly, the one best at it. The meals were always so fucking delicious and varied, and although he hadn't had much of an appetite today, his stomach rumbled at the thought of Dream's food.

He's feeling a lot more grounded now that he's had a chance to cry it all out and be comforted by someone, feels less like he'll crumble and break apart at any moment. He carefully steps towards their dresser, opening it and looking through his own side first before his eyes are automatically drawn to Dream's side, spotting the very obvious lime green hoodie that he always wore.

He contemplates whether he should take it or not, for a moment. It always seemed so large and comfortable on Dream, would probably have his scent lingering as well. He knows that Dream wouldn't mind it either, they've shared pieces of clothing before and he's never made a comment on it. So before he can talk himself out of it, he grabs the hoodie, a pair of black sweats and underwear, and hurries towards the bathroom.

And once more, he quietly thanks whatever god above that he has someone like Dream in his life. Someone he can always rely on, someone who loves him, and someone who cares for him, and isn't one bit afraid to show it.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Apologies for getting back to this so late, that was not very poggers of me 🙌😌 Also I had to give sarnap some screen time bc DREAM TEAM BABY!! Honestly their dynamic is just so,,, 10/10 i want nothing more

The worst thing about writing a sickfic is having to write abt how good tea is when in reality I hate tea and it makes me nauseous oops. But I've always strongly connected with the warmth and comfort of a cup of coffee/tea, wether giving one to someone or getting one for yourself, so I do rly enjoy writing about that lmao.

Anyways, that aside. This is the final chapter! Thank y'all for the love on this honestly... I'm so happy to see it so well received, deadass big kisses to each n every single one of u :*

(I actually wanted to write the end out more, write in a little cuddle sesh with the boys, but it just ended so perfectly and I hated adding anything onto it. So RIP to that idea)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

By the time George leaves the shower, fresh and squeaky clean, he feels like an entirely new person. The prominent throbbing of his head that had been going on ever since this morning seemed to have left him alone for now. The warm, steady stream of water had felt so incredibly good on his aching muscles and shivering body, and it was honestly revitalizing to feel so clean again, after being soaked in sweat for the better part of his day.

He's standing in front of the mirror now, wrapped in a thick and fluffy towel, that he doesn't plan on letting go of anytime soon, and takes a good look at himself for a moment. The shower hadn't quite completely erased the miserableness visible on his face, but he thinks he looks at least somewhat better than before.

The dark circles underneath his eyes were still very much prominent, built up from lack of sleep this past week and the rough nap he took earlier, which seemed to have left him more tired than anything. His eyes were also still red and puffy from his crying earlier, but other than that, his overall face was looking better, less sickly. The lifeless look in his eyes was gone, and he felt more capable and energetic than before.

He doesn't quite want to abandon the towel just yet, is comfortable to just stand here and be wrapped in its warmth and softness for a moment longer. But then his stomach growls loudly, and he's reminded of the chicken soup that Dream is supposedly making. So he ditches the towel anyways, and gets dressed in record time. He hates the feeling of the cold in between getting out of the shower and getting into some clothes, and then having to wait for those to warm you up properly.

But luckily, Dream's hoodie is nice and big on him, falls all the way down to his thighs, and only just the tips of his fingers are able to peek out from the sleeves. It's warm, it's comfortable, and it

smells exactly like Dream. George can feel himself get lost in it for a second, closes his eyes and inhales deeply as he brings the fabric closer to his nose.

It's a deeply comforting scent, always has been. Whenever Dream pulls him in for one of those tight hugs, it always completely envelops him, so much so that he's simply come to associate the smell of Dream with the comfort and safety of a hug.

His stomach growls again, pulling him from his musings and back into reality. Right. Food. George finishes by putting on a pair of sweatpants, gives his wet hair a last, thorough rub with the towel, and finally leaves the bathroom.

When he enters their open kitchen, he sees Dream in front of the stove, stirring in what George guesses is the chicken soup he mentioned earlier. The mouth-watering aroma immediately fills his nostrils as he walks over, and George, once again, feels very thankful he's rooming with someone who can actually properly cook meals.

When Dream notices him walk in, he looks over at George and gives him a warm smile.

"Feeling better?"

"Yeah, a lot."

Dream chuckles. "You look better too.." He trails off and pauses, and George can see his eyes flicker down for a split second.

"Is that.. Is that *my* hoodie?"

George immediately freezes, feels dread fill him as he looks down at himself. Dream's never made an issue of this before, but maybe this was his favorite hoodie or something, and nobody was allowed to wear it? Maybe he changed his mind and didn't want George to wear his clothes anymore. Oh god, did he do something stupid?

"I- uhm.. Yeah, sorry, d'you want me to- I can go take it off, I didn't know you-"

"No, *no*. I didn't mean it like that George." Dream heartedly laughs at George's momentary panic, and George feels the tension leave his body at the familiar, heart-warming sound. He feels his cheek heat up, wants to slap himself for thinking Dream of all people was going to be upset with him for wearing his clothes.

"It looks good on you. But just so you know, it does emphasize just how short you are Georgie."

"What? I'm not even that short!"

"Oh, come on. You totally are. You're almost like, *drowning*, in that hoodie."

"It's bigger on you too, idiot!"

"Not *that* big."

George groans in frustration and sits down to take a seat at the kitchen table. "Just- Shut up. I hope you're aware that you're bullying a sick man."

Dream snorts and shakes his head, starts moving about to grab a bowl of soup for George, as well as some fever-reducing medication.

"I'm also the one helping the sick man get better, so I get a free pass. Here, eat up."

A bowl of steaming hot chicken soup is placed in front of him, and George doesn't hold back to start digging in. The first spoonful slightly burns his tongue, but the taste that floods his mouth after is so incredibly rewarding. Leave it to Dream to cook up something amazingly tasty.

"Oh my god, Dream. This is honestly so fucking good."

"Is it?" There's a bashful little smile on Dream's face as he shrugs his shoulders and places a pill as well as a glass of water next to George, and then sits down himself. "My mom taught me how to make it. She always made chicken soup whenever I got sick, so I thought you might enjoy that as well."

"Please send a thank you note to your mum on my behalf." George mumbled as he continued shoveling spoonful after spoonful into his mouth, though this time lightly blowing on the soup to avoid burning his tongue again. He only paused for a moment to pop the pill into his mouth, and swallows it down with some water.

Him and Dream sit at the kitchen table for a while, as they talk about everything and nothing. From assignments and deadlines that are coming up, to the weird dream that George had last night. But as time goes on, and he's feeling warm and content with his belly filled, he starts feeling quite drowsy. His eyes are starting to feel heavy, and every now and then he can't suppress a yawn pushing its way out.

Dream, of course, doesn't fail to notice, and when George gives a particularly long yawn, he pauses his story and gazes at him with a fond look in his eyes.

"You wanna go to bed?"

"What? No, I'm fine—" Another yawn interrupts him. "I'm not that tired, finish your story."

Dream doesn't, however. George is obviously underplaying it, he looks like he's about 2 seconds away from falling asleep right then and there.

"You are tired. C'mon, go to bed. I'll tell you the rest some other time."

George huffs in annoyance at Dream's stubbornness. He's a *little* bit tired maybe, but he's enjoying this time he gets to spend with his friend, and doesn't like the idea of leaving to go lie in his bed all alone again. No, he wants to stay here in Dream's company, and listen to him talk. It's nice.

Not that he's going to admit *that* out loud to Dream, that's just embarrassing. Dream would surely use it to his advantage, to tease the crap out of him. God, he could already fully imagine the smug look on his face, the stupid, cheeky '*I know you love me, George*' he would drawl out.

"How about we go to the living room then." George proposes instead. "We can watch a movie or something, if you want to. I can nap a bit while the movie's playing."

Dream silently looks at him for a moment, but luckily he doesn't push the issue any further and simply nods.

"Alright then, sounds good to me."

And so George and Dream find themselves in the living room, Dream in front of the tv browsing through the different movies they owned, and George seated on the couch, a fuzzy blanket wrapped around him. Completely unexpected to George, but less so it seems to Dream, the bell

rings.

“I’ll go get it. You pick a movie.”

“Who is it?”

“Sapnap probably. He texted me earlier that he’d come over after his last class.”

Sure enough, as George is holding a movie in each hand, eyes flickering between them and debating in his mind which one he’d prefer to watch, there’s a loud “George!” filling the room, belonging to no other than Sapnap. Before George even has the chance to turn around, a pair of arms wrap around him and he’s tightly pressed against Sapnap’s chest, a squeaky sound leaving his throat at the suddenness of it.

“Aww my poor little Gogy, are you sick? You don’t have to worry, Sapnap’s here to take care of you now.”

“Why do you always *say* it like that, god. ‘Gogy’, it just sounds lame.” Dream snorts as Sapnap tells him to shut up. He walks up to the couch where his friends are, George looking uncomfortably smothered by Sapnap, and can’t help the playful grin as he forms a plan in his mind.

He decides to join in on the smothering and teasing, knowing how much George hates it, and he sits down and envelops George into his arms as well, holds him tightly together with Sapnap on the other side so that he’s nearly suffocated between the two of them. A muffled, high-pitched little “Hey-!” comes from George, but both Dream and Sapnap ignore it.

“Yeah, our *poor* little Georgie... So sick huh? Our poor little baby.” Dream says in his best overly-sweet voice, laughs when he hears George let out a little annoyed groan from in between them as he starts pushing them away.

“Get *off*, you idiots. You’re both just gonna get sick as well!”

“I don’t mind getting sick for you, Gogy.” Sapnap whispers as seriously as he can, pulling a sudden, hearty laugh from Dream that builds up in volume. It’s loud and bright, completely fills the room and is soon joined by Sapnap’s higher pitched giggles, and George can’t help but crack a smile of his own.

He’s happy to be alongside both of his best friends again, even though they already see each other nearly every single day. On top of that, he *lived* together with Dream, so if anything, there was hardly time he spent on his own. But they had all been fairly busy with college the last few days, and he’d missed being able to just do this. Hang out, watch a movie together, and worry about nothing else in that moment.

Dream and Sapnap eventually calmed down and let go of him, giving him some room to breathe again. A part of him that makes him feel a bit embarrassed, misses the warmth as soon as it leaves him.

“Alright. Have you decided on a movie?” Dream asks George, and although he hadn’t really made up his mind yet, he just randomly gave one of the two to Dream, and put the other on the table. It didn’t really matter which it was, he liked them both equally, and he’d probably fall asleep halfway through anyway.

“Here, this one’s fine.”

“I’ll go get some snacks.” Sapnap said as he stood up straight, and headed over to the kitchen

while Dream started getting the movie set up.

“Are you still feeling okay?” George looks up when he hears Dream speak.

“Yeah, yeah I’m fine. I feel like my headache’s returning a bit, and my throat is still sore, but I’m doing alright. I’m just not going to be awake for too long, I think.” He chuckles softly. “I am pretty tired.”

There’s a sweet smile on Dream’s face as he looks back at George. “That’s alright, you should be sleeping anyways. Do you want some tea for your throat, maybe? Yes, I’ll go make you some tea.”

“Dream- I can do it myself, you don’t have to-“

“Shhh, I’m already on my way.”

George groans in annoyance and crosses his arms as he looks down at the floor, only just holds a roll of his eyes back. If he were pouting, he’d make for the perfect picture of a petulant child. Honestly, he loved them dearly, but both of his friends should just stop coddling him so much. He was fully capable of taking care of himself.

That was something that Dream and Sapnap often fought him on, declaring that he didn’t take proper care of himself at all whenever he fell ill. But isn’t that the whole point, kinda? You’re *ill*, how are you going to be running around and doing all these stupid little things when you could just stay in bed all day. That doesn’t mean he wants other people to do it for him, though!

Alright, so maybe, he *had* ended up in the hospital with severe dehydration during a fever once, a few years ago. And that’s probably why his friends are extra caring when it comes to things like this. But that was *once*, and he’s learned from his mistakes since then.

Dream and Sapnap don’t let it go so easily, however, and he doesn’t really blame them. It had been one of the worst weeks of his entire life, and could’ve very easily been avoided if he had drank more water, or had eaten at least something. So sure, he understands where Dream and Sapnap are coming from. But they could at least be less suffocating sometimes.

Though, as he looks back and sees his friends messing around in the kitchen, laughing and playfully pushing each other while they grab the necessary snacks, drinks and tea for George, he can quietly admit to himself that he’s beyond grateful for the two of them, and their caring, affectionate nature. It feels.. Good.. To have people care for you, so willingly. To have people who worry about your wellbeing. It’s incredibly nice, actually.

It isn’t long before Sapnap and Dream are back, still giggling as they place everything out onto the table. A steaming hot mug is handed to him, and George gratefully accepts it, feels a warm love and affection build up in his chest at the small, kind gesture.

“Thank you, Dream. Really..”

“Hey, what about me? I got us all the snacks! Dream didn’t help one bit with that.”

George snorts as he shakes his head, and brings the mug closer to his face. He can feel the warm steam on his face, and inhales the delightful scent of tea as he allows it to soothe him further, and closes his eyes.

“You too, Snapmap.”

“George!” Sapnap yells as Dream bursts into a deep, chesty laugh, and George has to hide a little

smug smile behind his mug as the sound fills his ears. Yeah, he feels tremendously grateful for these 2 idiots.

Chapter End Notes

Pls let me kno what u think,, ?

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